The Morning Light Is Breaking

Samuel Francis Smith, 1832
George James Webb, 1830

1. The morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking, to penitential tears; Each
   breeze that sweeps the ocean brings tidings from afar. Of nations in confusion, prepared for Zion's war.
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, in many a gentle shower, And bright scenes before us, are opening every hour; Each
   cry to Heaven going, a abundant answers brings, And heavily winds are blowing, with peace upon their wings.
3. See heathen nations bending before the God we love, And thousand hearts ascending in gratitude above: While seek the Savior's blessing, a nation in a day.
4. Blest river of salvation, pursue thy onward way; Flow thou to every nation, nor in thy riches stay: Stay not till all the holy triumph reach their home; Stay not till all the lowly triumphant reach their home.

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